

# Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1857.

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## For the "Raftsmen's Journal." PLEASANT REMINISCENCES OF THE DEPARTED.

I'm thinking of the time, Sarah,  
When first I called you wife;  
That dear and trying time, Sarah,  
In young and joyous life.  
Ah, little thought we then, Sarah,  
That ever we should part;  
'Twas sunshine then above our heads,  
And sunshine in our hearts.  
I'm thinking of the time, Sarah,  
When you sat on my knee,  
Your loving arm around my neck,  
Mine lovingly round thee.  
O, those were happy times, Sarah;  
We loved each other then,  
And conscious of your love, Sarah,  
I was happiest of men.  
I'm thinking of the time, Sarah,  
When artless, pure and true,  
You told your ardent love to me,  
I uttered mine to thee.  
My heart will still turn back, Sarah,  
To memories so sweet:  
Again you're sitting on my knee,  
Our lips all loving meet.  
I'm thinking of the time, Sarah,  
When smiles met smiles from thee,  
And loving words met loving words,  
And greetings warm and free.  
I'm thinking of those words, Sarah,  
They drew my heart above;  
Thy tone was more than music sweet,  
Thy motives purest love.  
I'm thinking of thy smile, Sarah;  
What memories o'er me roll;  
Thy loving smile was still to me  
The sunlight of the soul.  
But now the times are changed, Sarah,  
Those happy times of yore;  
I hear no more thy loving words,  
I see thy smile no more.  
I'm thinking of the time, Sarah,  
When side by side we grew;  
We shared the sun, we shared the rain,  
The pain and pleasure too.  
But now I'm left alone, Sarah,  
Alone in the sun and rain,  
And I have in my weary journey of life,  
No pleasure, but all of the pain.  
I'm very lonely now, Sarah,  
And my heart is sad to-night.  
But I'm thinking of the time, Sarah,  
When thy presence made all things bright.  
With thee, all's bright, e'en now, Sarah,  
In thy home above the sky;  
And I long to be with thee, Sarah,  
O, Sarah, I long to die.  
The Earth is all cheerless now, Sarah,  
My heart is away with thee,  
And I bear the sun, and I bear the rain,  
Still longing to be free.  
Still longing to be with thee, Sarah,  
Still struggling thy dust shall keep.  
And the sun and rain, are rusting the chain,  
That holds me away from thee.  
Thou art sleeping in the grave, Sarah,  
A cold and dreamless sleep;  
But thy soul is an angel with angels above,  
And thy Saviour thy dust shall keep.  
My heart is as cold as thine, Sarah,  
Yet I dream, still dream of thee,  
And I'll never awake from that long,  
Long dream.  
Till I'm taken to Heaven with thee.  
J. J. H.

## MOONLIGHT.

O, glorious Moon! my very soul gushes forth  
in floods of feeling. Whose wouldst not? O,  
the beams! so softly pale, falling so gently on  
the distant slope, on the white church, on the  
steeples, on the river. O, the waves! so tiny,  
yet the more grand, so sparklingly beautiful,  
so like pearls dropping in clear water, on the  
lawn. O, the dewdrops! so diamond-like, on  
the trees, on the flowers sleeping in the moon-  
light; the beautiful flowers, where the bright  
cherubs have their homes, since Eden was  
beautiful and man fell. When other spirits in  
sorrow left the Earth, they lingered. But spirits  
come again; yes, Angels do walk our  
earth; when the mild spirit of sleep hovers  
o'er the world, on his downy pinions, then do  
the angels descend.  
I love the sunshine, the bright sunshine, and  
the clear blue sky, and the summer clouds in  
their snowy fleeciness. O, how I have gazed,  
and longed to throw myself in their downy  
folds, and with my face buried therein, rest, if  
it were only for one short hour. In them I  
have seen splendid arbors of vines and myr-  
tles, beautiful gardens with white flowers,  
placid lakes bound with rocky shores, rolling  
prairies bordered with trees, magnificent wa-  
terfalls hung with moss, and I have seen the  
angels, yes, and I have seen God and Heaven!  
No—Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither  
hath it entered into the heart of man to con-  
ceive the things which God hath prepared for  
them that love him! But in my child-  
hood I have fancied I saw in the clouds, God,  
bright and glorious, with the Lamb, seated on  
the throne, the holy angels and the pure se-  
raphs "round about the throne," and when the  
wind passed softly through the rose trees near  
me, I have thought I heard them singing the  
"new song." But this, the moonlight, makes  
me feel as though the angels were near them.  
Hark! I hear sweet music, low and faint; 'tis  
coming nearer. No, 'twas again my ever busy  
fancy—it was only the evening zephyr creep-  
ing 'mongst the lily stalks, sighing to linger  
in their cups. But thou must pass on, Zephyr,  
as everything passeth, even Man.  
Lo! as I raise my eyes heavenward, glory,  
what brightness meets them: the sky is not all  
clear, but white clouds are sailing here and  
there through the blue vault. O, moon! thou  
wert never so beautiful as now thou seemest  
to be. Had I power, how quickly would I  
stay thee, that I might look and look forever,  
as thou standest 'tween those two clouds, the  
blue so intense around thee, the white clouds  
above, below. But they are coming onward;  
now they shadow thee. So sorrow cometh  
over the brow of youth. But now thou comest  
forth in unclouded splendor; even so trouble  
passeth away from them that love God, for the  
lighteneth the burdens of his children.  
MERRA MAY.

## From Graham's Magazine. THE HUNTER'S REWARD.

BY J. ROW.

In the spring of 1790, two young men, George  
Dill and Peter Brown, both carpenters, launch-  
ed a small boat on the Monongahela, and hav-  
ing supplied themselves with an ample stock  
of provisions and ammunition, dropped down  
the river on an exploring and hunting excu-  
sion. They proceeded unmolested down the  
Ohio several hundred miles below Wheeling,  
where they landed, on the Kentucky side, and  
erected a cabin of poles, which they covered  
with small branches and moss. It was situated  
a short distance from the river's bank, near a  
good spring, among tall and heavy timber.—  
After storing their effects, consisting of cook-  
ing utensils, a few mechanical implements,  
several blankets, and some wearing apparel,  
into the cabin, they shouldered their rifles,  
and, accompanied by two trusty dogs, betook  
themselves to the woods.

Being aware that this section of the country  
was sometimes visited by bands of hostile In-  
dians, either to kill game or attack boats de-  
scending the river, the young hunters kept a  
sharp lookout, lest they should be surprised  
by a superior force. Game was abundant, and  
they had the good fortune to kill several deer  
during their first excursion. After three or  
four days' absence they returned, laden with  
skins and meat, to their hut, and found the  
premises undisturbed. By ascending a small  
knoll in the vicinity of the moss covered cab-  
in, they had a clear view of the river, and  
could see any boats that might be passing,  
whilst the high grass and under-brush afforded  
them a hiding-place, where they could conceal  
themselves completely from observation.

A month had passed, and neither friend nor  
foe had appeared, and the hunters had contin-  
ued their excursions and penetrated farther in-  
to the interior, where they found a beautiful  
country, with a rich soil and fine streams. On  
one occasion, they had been absent ten days,  
and on returning to their cabin, again found  
everything in the condition in which they had  
left it. They now began to congratulate them-  
selves upon their peaceful and undisturbed oc-  
cupancy of the country. Their dogs, howev-  
er, appeared much excited, and kept moving  
about for some time, as if they were scenting  
something unusual, but at length entered the  
cabin and composed themselves. Dill supposed  
that some wild animal had recently passed  
along, but Brown was strongly impressed with  
the belief that their habitation was discovered.  
Before starting on their next trip, Brown so  
arranged some of the articles in the cabin,  
without mentioning it to Dill, that the slight-  
est touch would change their position suffi-  
ciently to enable him to detect it. The weath-  
er had now become warm, and after being out  
several days, Brown proposed they would  
return to the cabin; Dill remonstrated for  
some time, but eventually assented, and they  
agreed to start on their return-trip early the  
next morning, so as to avoid the heat of the  
day, having some eight or ten miles to travel.

About a quarter of a mile inland from the  
cabin, in a small open space, our adventurers  
had planted a few hills of corn and squashes,  
which soon came up but received no further  
attention. In returning that morning, they  
digressed a little from the direct course for  
the purpose of looking at their "truck-patch."—  
Immediately after they arrived there, their  
dogs exhibited unmistakable signs of alarm.—  
Brown observed it, and immediately commu-  
nicated his suspicions that all was not right to  
his comrade. After some consultation, it was  
agreed that Dill should conceal himself in the  
underbrush, and keep one of the dogs with  
him, whilst Brown would take the other and  
advance toward the cabin. When within about  
thirty rods of the cabin, and after recon-  
noitering the vicinity, he motioned for Dill to  
come on, and the two, with their rifles at a  
trail, and the dogs at their heels, approached  
the cabin together. In glancing over the ef-  
fects in the cabin, Brown discovered that some-  
body had been there during their absence,  
which vindicated their suspicions, and in his  
opinion, accounted for the strange conduct of  
the dogs, on the former as well as on the present  
occasion. The ground around the hut was  
examined for footprints, but none could be dis-  
covered; Dill then went to examine their boat,  
which they had run into the mouth of a creek  
a short distance below, and secured there—it  
was safe, and had not been disturbed.

In the evening, measures were taken for de-  
fense, should an attack be made in the course  
of the night—but the hunters were not molested.  
At the dawn of day they seized their rifles  
and repaired to the knoll in the rear of the  
cabin, and there concealed themselves, intend-  
ing to remain there during the day, unless cir-  
cumstances should arise making it necessary  
for them to alter their resolution. They lay  
quietly until in the afternoon, and began to  
think they had been unnecessarily alarmed,  
when they espied a female, with no other clo-  
thing than a calico skirt, reaching from her  
middle to a lillo below the knees, approach-  
ing the cabin with cautious steps. A single  
glance sufficed to convince them that, whoever  
or whatever she might be, she was not an  
Indian squaw; and as soon as she had entered  
the cabin, Brown approached alone and unarm-  
ed, so as not to alarm or frighten her away.—  
He walked leisurely forward, with his hands  
crossed on his back—and when the female saw  
him, she threw up both arms and uttered a

wild scream, but did not attempt to run.—  
Brown addressed her kindly, and she awaited  
his approach without speaking a word, until  
he was within several yards of her, when she  
told him, in few words, that she had been a  
captive among the Indians, from whom she  
had just escaped, and with tears in her eyes,  
asked his aid and protection.

Dill then left his place of concealment, and  
took both the rifles on his shoulder, and went  
to the cabin. The three then sat down on a  
log together, and the female related her story,  
which was listened to with great interest by  
both the hunters.

She was the daughter of a wealthy planter  
in Virginia, and had been taken captive the  
preceding fall, and carried, first to Chillicothe,  
and afterward to Sandusky, where she was ad-  
opted into the family of an Indian, who had  
two sons and two daughters, who generally  
treated her kindly. Several weeks prior to  
her escape, this family had come to the Ohio  
river in search of game and plunder, and had  
encamped several miles above, where the men  
constructed a light canoe, and crossed to the  
Kentucky side, leaving the women alone at  
their camp.

After their return in the evening, she gath-  
ered from their conversation that there were  
white men not far off. They crossed over the  
river a second time, and on coming into camp  
in the next evening, held a council about some  
matter apparently of great importance to them.  
The next morning the men started early in the  
direction of Chillicothe, charging the women  
to remain about the camp until their return;  
and it was her opinion they had gone for rein-  
forcements to attack the white men whom they  
had discovered. During their absence she  
formed the resolution of attempting an escape,  
and managed to separate herself from her  
companions, and jumped into the canoe the  
men had constructed, and rowing for life,  
reached the Kentucky shore. After wander-  
ing about for three days, she discovered the  
hunters' hut, and then withdrew, resolved to  
watch for its owners, and if they were friends,  
as she doubted not they would prove to be, to  
cast herself upon their kind protection. Her  
name she gave as Sallie Green, the only daugh-  
ter of Richard Green, of Virginia.

The hunters had a pretty good supply of  
wearing apparel left, from which Sallie was  
directed to select such articles as were most  
suitable, and make them into a dress for her-  
self, which she promptly did, and the next day  
had herself decently clad. Being barefoot,  
Dill presented her with a pair of shoes and  
socks, which, though much too large for her  
feet became of great service to her afterward.

What was now to be done? It was quite  
manifest that the party's situation was unsafe.  
The Indians had discovered them, and would  
undoubtedly attack them before many days.—  
The warm sun had opened the seams of their  
boat, and it was leaky and unfit for use. The  
river was at a low ebb, and it was not likely  
that any boats would soon descend the river  
on which they might secure a passage to some  
of the settlements below. After full delibera-  
tion, it was resolved to attempt escape from  
their perilous situation by land, and endeavor  
to reach the border settlements of Virginia.  
They would be obliged to leave their few im-  
plements and stock of skins behind—but what  
were these compared to their own lives, which  
would be jeopardized by remaining much  
longer?

A little of their stock and meal still remain-  
ed, and they had a sufficient supply of jerked  
venison to last them during their journey, and  
a pocket-compass by which to direct their  
course. The remainder of the day was spent  
in arranging their packs, and on the following  
morning they were to take up the line of march  
for Virginia, through an undrunk wilderness.

Who can tell what to-morrow may bring  
forth? Whilst these preparations were going  
on at the cabin, the old Indian and his sons,  
with two others whom they had met in the  
path to Chillicothe, returned to camp, and on  
learning the escape of the "pale-faced squaw,"  
immediately went to work and constructed a  
small raft, on which they crossed the river in  
the night and proceeded toward the cabin.—  
Just as it became clear enough to discern ob-  
jects, the hunters' dogs grew very restless and  
set up a low growl. Sallie expressed her be-  
lief of Indians lurking about. Brown and Dill  
seized their rifles, and placed themselves im-  
mediately outside of the entrance of the cab-  
in, ready for emergencies. Presently, two In-  
dians were seen approaching with stealthy  
steps. They were sufficed to come within  
range of rifle-shot, and then both hunters fired  
and both Indians fell. Three others, who had  
stood concealed behind some large trees, now  
rushed forward over the dead bodies of their  
comrades, and before the hunters had time to  
reload, they were within a few rods of the cab-  
in, brandishing their tomahawks and yelling,  
as they were wont to do when making an attack.  
Brown and Dill prepared to meet them, the  
former with a hatchet, and the latter with the  
butt of his rifle, whilst Sallie was coolly reload-  
ing the other rifle. The Indians paused for a  
moment in the face of such a foe, and in an-  
other moment a ball from the rifle in the hands  
of the maiden laid one of them sprawling on  
the ground.

The hunters now sallied out, and averting  
the blows aimed by the Indians with their  
tomahawks, each grappled his man. For a

time the contest was doubtful, but at last the  
hunters got the better of their adversaries,  
and held them firmly to the ground, where,  
with Sallie's aid, they were securely bound  
with deer-skin straps. Dill kept watch over  
the prisoners, while Brown went forth to re-  
connoiter. Seeing the coast clear, he quickly  
returned, and at the girl's suggestion, the pris-  
oners, with their arms pinioned, were led to  
the river and placed on their own raft, which  
was then pushed into the current, and with its  
live freight set adrift.

Before the hunters had got fairly out of the  
water, they were greeted with a volley from  
the rifles of four Indians, who, it was supposed,  
had been lying somewhere in the vicinity,  
watching for passing boats, and were attracted  
to the spot by the late firing of the combats.  
Dill was shot dead, but Brown escaped un-  
harmful, and ran in the direction of the cab-  
in. Three of the savages followed the raft  
to save their brethren, and the other, a tall,  
athletic fellow, gave chase to Brown. The fir-  
ing at the river alarmed Sallie, who was in  
possession of the hunters' rifles, and she there-  
fore held herself in readiness to repel any at-  
tack that might be made on her, or to give  
any assistance she could to the hunters. She  
soon saw Brown approaching, followed by his  
savagely foe—but so swift was their speed, that  
she did not venture to fire, preferring to wait  
for a better opportunity. An Indian seldom  
stumbles; but this one happened to strike his  
foot against some impediment when within  
sixty yards of the cabin, and close to the heels  
of Brown, and almost fell. Before he had fully  
recovered himself, the girl sent a ball  
through his body, which arrested his progress.  
Brown's trusty rifle always proved fatal when  
held in the hands of Sallie Green.

Brown and the girl knowing that the savages  
at the river would soon come up in search  
of their comrade, hastily left the spot, armed  
with two rifles, and carrying some dried  
venison and a blanket, and were followed by  
the hunter's faithful dogs. The day was now  
far spent—but the moon rising in the evening  
gave sufficient light to enable them to proceed  
through the woods. They traveled all night  
without halting. A little after daylight they  
stopped a few moments at a spring and refresh-  
ed themselves with a little venison and a few  
draughts of fresh water, and then again pressed  
forward, and continued with but little abate-  
ment during that day and the following night.  
Finding they were not pursued, they now trav-  
eled more leisurely. After enduring hunger  
and fatigue, on the tenth day they reached one  
of the border settlements of Virginia, where  
they procured horses and a guide, and in three  
days more arrived at Mr. Green's. The meet-  
ing between Sallie and her parents can be bet-  
ter imagined than described. Tears of joy  
were shed in profusion.

The hunter remained with Mr. Green for a  
season, and then engaged in the erection of a  
handsome dwelling for himself on a neighbor-  
ing plantation, which he had purchased. A-  
bout the time of its completion, they had a  
merry time one day at the house of Mr. Green  
—it was the day on which Peter Brown and Sal-  
lie Green were married.

THE DARK AGES.—For a thousand years  
the Romish priesthood ruled the civilized  
world; and this long period is justly termed  
the dark ages of modern history. The gloom  
of superstition clouded the minds of men, and  
priestcraft ground them to the dust. During  
the historic period of the world's existence  
there is no record of a time of such unmiti-  
gated gloom. But even in this dread night of  
history the genius of man was busy with in-  
ventions—not to promote and increase the com-  
forts, conveniences and happiness of mankind;  
but instruments of torture, inventions to cause  
the most exquisite pain, to rack with agony  
the limbs of all who dared to think in opposi-  
tion to the decrees of Rome. At last came  
the printing press and Martin Luther, and then  
the dawn appeared.

"Ma, does pa kiss you because he loves you  
so?" inquired a little anxious plug,  
of his mother.

"To be sure, my son; but why did you ask  
that question?"  
"Well, guess he loves the kitchen girl, too,  
for I seen him kiss her mor'n forty times last  
Sunday when you was to church."

There was a fuss in that family.

If noodleedom are bound to follow the  
leaders of Fashion a sweeter pill than all will  
soon be presented for them to swallow. Par-  
sian ladies now wear their dresses clewed up  
at the sides in such manner as to exhibit the  
gold clasps about the limbs, and the limbs  
too, to a certain extent. We may next ex-  
pect the original fashion on the fig-leaf plan.

There is a story of a Portuguese shoe-  
maker who used to give a severe flogging to  
his wife every month, just before he went to  
confession. On being asked the reason of this  
proceeding, he replied, that having a bad mem-  
ory, he took this method of refreshing it, as  
his good wife, while under the castigation, was  
always sure to remind him of all his sins.

A Young lady, scolding her beau for  
not sending the pair of new shoes he promis-  
ed her, writes in a postscript as follows:—"P.  
S.—Them shuz ort to be on hand (!) and the  
recklecion sticks out about a foot."

## AFFAIRS IN KANSAS.

From the Correspondence of the Boston Traveller.  
LAWRENCE, Kansas, April 15, 1857.

As I rode into town on Saturday last, on my  
return from Exporia, I was forcibly struck by  
the vivid contrast of the scene to that which  
met my eyes when I entered Lawrence last  
September for the first time.

Stores are filled to overflowing; our merch-  
ants wear smiling countenances; every room  
in town is occupied at exorbitant rates; the  
advertisements and signs of the land sharks,  
in the shape of agents and speculators, are  
seen on every building; holders of real estate  
are growing rich fast, and old settlers look with  
delight upon an influx unparalleled except in  
California, which is not only filling their pockets,  
but shows to them how deep a hold the  
principles for which they have fought have up-  
on the heart-strings of the Free States. Pros-  
perity is smiling on every face and smiling in  
every eye. Massachusetts street is filled every  
day with one confused mass of men and an-  
imals—horses, mules, oxen and wagons—emi-  
grants from all parts of the Union.

Amid all this prosperity, speculation and  
enterprise, the critical position of Kansas is  
not lost sight of at all. The policy of Buchan-  
an, as shown in his late appointments, has at  
least answered a good purpose, by uniting the  
Free State men more firmly, and showing some  
of our good, easy friends how little depend-  
ence is to be placed upon the forbearance of  
the slave power. Let them come—Governor,  
Marshals, Judges, and all the official array we  
have had so long to contend with, backed by  
all the Federal authority—and Kansas cannot  
and will not be enslaved. We are better pre-  
pared, understand our position better, and are  
more determined to defend it, than we have  
ever been before.

Our people generally are not disappointed  
in the late appointments made by Buchanan.  
The appointment of Dr. James Garvin to the  
post office at Lawrence is certainly the gross-  
est insult to which we have yet been subjected.  
This Dr. Garvin is peculiarly obnoxious to our  
citizens by a variety of mean acts. He is a  
thorough-going Border Ruffian, and to crown  
all, is not even a resident of Lawrence.

I saw Mr. Babcock, our late worthy Post-  
master, and asked him the result of his visit  
to Washington. He replied that he could  
have held the office if he had only proved that  
he had killed two Abolitionists! He describes  
the capital as being completely overrun with  
the representative men of the Pro-Slavery  
stamp, and the worst border ruffians are the  
pets of the Administration. As you are aware  
by this time, Col. Woodson, Gen. Whitfield,  
and Capt. Emory have each been appointed to  
berths in the Land offices. Murderers are at  
a premium in Washington, and villainy, rob-  
bery and ruffianism of the darkest dye, seem  
to be necessary to secure office in Kansas.—  
Murphy, the late Mayor of Leavenworth, one  
of the vilest men unhung, has received the  
Potawatamie Indian Agency, in reward, I sup-  
pose, for aiding and abetting in the dastardly  
murder of the martyr Phillips, last fall. As  
Slavery rules the national councils, it is but  
fitting that its tools and agents should receive  
their reward. "Verily, the laborer is worthy  
of his hire." How long will these things be  
suffered in our free (?) land? How long are  
we to be under the taskmaster's rod? Not for  
many days longer, rest assured, if we have to  
cut the bonds under ourselves.

The Lancaster Whig contains letters from a  
Mr. Bentz, recently of Columbia, who is now  
in Kansas, in which he states that emigrants  
are arriving at the rate of 300 to 500 a day at  
Leavenworth; land adjoining the town is sell-  
ing at from \$50 to \$800 per acre, and town lots  
at from \$400 to \$500, the advance since last  
December being about 200 per centum. Leav-  
enworth has a population of over 3,000.  
Lawrence contains about 1500 inhabitants, and  
town lots have advanced within six weeks 100  
to 200 per cent. Mr. Bentz thinks Kansas will  
be a Free State. Living is very expensive.

COAL OIL.—An ingenious chemist (Prof.  
Squibb) suggests a novel plan for utilizing  
cannel coal, and realizing its rich oil by a pro-  
cess of animal distillation, which will pay its  
own cost. The great difficulty in making coal  
oil is in keeping the retorts at a sufficiently  
low temperature. If they be heated even to  
a bright cherry redness, the product is gas, as  
may be seen at any gas works. The plan pro-  
posed is to grind the cannel coal fine, mix it  
with half its weight of Indian meal and feed it  
to the hogs. The well known appetite of this  
animal and his great powers of digestion are  
calculated to extract oil out of any substance  
that contains it, however chemically combin-  
ed. Every farmer knows that pigs and chick-  
ens fatten upon charcoal mixed with their food.  
There is no essential chemical difference in  
carbon, whether animal, vegetable or fossil.—  
Kreosote is largely contained in cannel coals.  
Its smoky odor is the leading objection to coal  
oils. Kreosote may be termed the oil of  
smoke. Nothing is more penetrating. If tak-  
en up by the animal absorbents, it would so  
permeate the flesh that the meat would be, when  
fresh, half cured; and this natural process of  
smoking would be greatly superior to the arti-  
ficial mode, which has its direct application  
only to the surface. The natural temperature  
of the pig's stomach, under any circumstances,  
will not exceed the requirement for oil, nor

will it ever attain an elevation that would con-  
vert the oil into gas. The oil of coal will be  
thus utilized by conversion into pork by ani-  
mal distillation; and it is not improbable that  
the lard oil would be beneficially affected in  
its illuminating power. The tail of the pig,  
now of little value, would, if super-saturated, as  
it were, with the richest of all combustible oils,  
as coal oil certainly is, become highly inflam-  
mable. At the same time, the substitution of  
a mineral for an animal basis would take the  
curl out, and make it as stiff as an ordinary  
candle. It would then form an interesting  
torch for night processions and fetes cham-  
pêtres, greatly enhanced by the extraordinary  
brilliance of its flames. It is to be observed  
that nature usually places its productions con-  
venient to places where they may find the  
most profitable uses. This law is strongly ex-  
emplified in the position which the rich oil-  
bearing cannel coals of Western Virginia and  
Kentucky bears to the great porkopolitan cen-  
tre at Cincinnati, and to the water channels  
which penetrate the great hog-cropping coun-  
ties of the Western States.

## OPPOSED TO MATRIMONY.

"Is your family opposed to matrimony?"  
"Wal, no, I'd rather guess not, seen' as how  
my mother had four husbands and stands a  
smart chance of havin' another."  
"Four husbands? is it possible?"  
"Oh, yes, yer see my mother's christened  
name was Mehetable Sheet, and dad's name  
was Jacob Press, and when they got married  
the printers said that it was putting the sheet  
in the press. They said I was the first edition.  
"An' mother was the jarnalest critter to go  
out to evenin' meetin's. She used to go out  
pretty late every night, an' dad was afraid I  
would get in the same habit, so he put me to  
bed at early candle light, covered me up with  
the pillar and put me to sleep with the boot-  
jack. Wal, dad had to get up every night and  
let mother in; if he didn't get down pretty  
darn'd quick, when she cum, he'd ketch par-  
ticular thumder, so dad used to sleep with his  
head out of the window, so's he'd wake up quick  
an' one night he got a leetle too far out, and  
down dad cum curflumux right down on the  
pavement, an' smashed into ten thousand  
pieces."

"What! was he killed by the fall?"  
"Wal, no, not exactly by the fall. I rather  
kinder sorter guess as how it was the sudden  
fetch up of the pavement that killed him.—  
But marm cum hum and found him lying there  
and she had him swept up together, an' had a  
hole dug in the buryin' yard, an' had dad put  
in and buried up an' had a white oak plank put  
to his head, and white washed all over for a  
tombstone."

"So your mother was left a poor lone wid-  
ow?"  
"Wal, yes, but she didn't mind that much;  
twasn't long, fore she married Sam Hide.—  
You see she married Hide becase he was just  
about dad's size and she wanted him to wear  
out dad's clothes. Wal the way old Hide  
used to hide me was a caution to my hide.—  
Hide had a little the toughest hide, except a  
bull's hide, and the way Hide used to hide a  
wagon liquor in his hide was a caution to a bull's  
hide."

Wal, one day old Hide got his hide so full  
of whiskey that he pitched headlong into a  
snowbank, and thar he stuck and friz to death.  
So marm had him pulled out, and laid out, and  
had another hole dug in the same buryin' yard,  
and had him buried and had another white-  
oak plank put up at his head and white-washed  
all over and—"

"So your mother was again a widow?"  
"O, yes, but I guess she didn't lay awake  
long to think about that, for in about three  
weeks, she married John Strong—and he was  
the strongest headed cuss that you ever seen.  
He went fishing the other day and got drown-  
ed, and he was so tarnal strong headed, that he  
floated right up agin the current, and they  
found him three miles up the river and it took  
three yoke of cattle to pull him out. Wal,  
marm had him buried along side "tother two"  
had a white oak plank put up at his head and  
white-washed all over nice, and there's three  
on 'em all in a row."

"And your mother was a widow for the  
third time?"  
"Yes but marm didn't seem to mind it a  
tarnal sight. The next fellow she married was  
Jacob Hayes, an' the way marm does make  
him haze is a caution now I tell you. If he  
does a leetle out of the way, marm makes him  
take a bucket and a white-wash brush and go  
right up to the buryin' yard and white-wash  
the three oak planks, just to let him know  
what he may come to when she placed him in  
the same row and got married to the fifth hus-  
band. So you see my family ain't a tarnal  
sight opposed to a dose of matrimony."

U. S. SUPREME COURT.—The Free States,  
with a white population of twelve and a half  
millions; and with 137 Representatives in Con-  
gress, have four Judges; the Slave States, with  
a white population of six millions, and 84 Rep-  
resentatives, have five Judges. The twelve  
millions of the North have less power in the  
Court, than the six millions of the South.—  
No wonder that the people should scout the  
late "sectional decision."

An infamous bachelor being asked, if he  
ever witnessed a public execution, replied  
"No, but I once saw a marriage."